The Sin of Disobedience

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The Sin of Disobedience

by cmsprite79

Summary

Will's submission to Hannibal continues on from The Strap and Pocket Square in this third installment of Kiss of the Serpent's Tongue. This time, Will gets basic training in giving head, gets "punished" with a masturbation sleeve, and considers a bold move in personal appearance that will most likely get him in hot water with his dominant.

Notes

I know some people like to read the end notes beforehand but be aware they contain spoilers.

See the end of the work for more notes

“I expect you to memorize every vein of my cock, to remember just how I like my foreskin played with, to know for how long I enjoy my testicles sucked before getting to the main event. I expect you to learn these things quickly or you will be punished for your inattention. Is that clear?” asked Hannibal as the head of his dick battered the back of Will’s throat. All Will could do was choke and foam at the mouth and try to nod. “Good. You should also be able to tell when I’m about to cum. I may or may not allow you to swallow right away. I’ll be sure to let you know beforehand if I expect you to hold my ejaculate on your tongue.”

Will garbled around Hannibal’s thick member, saliva forming a long, pendulous string from his chin. Hannibal paused his throat-fucking of Will, dick glistening with Will’s spit while Will gulped in much needed air, to ask menacingly, “What was that? I don’t believe I heard you correctly.” His grip on Will’s curls tightened and Will winced.

“I said ‘thank you, sir,’” panted Will. That wasn’t what he’d really said. What he’d really said was, “You’ve gotta be kidding.” But he wasn’t about to tell Hannibal that. He swayed on his knees, eyes pools of clear water over crystal. Moisture beaded on his lashes. Padded, canvas cuffs securely bound his wrists. They were a modified, lockable version of those found in hospitals and mental institutions. “Humane” restraints with shiny metal loops and a bright, screwgate climbing clip between them. Hannibal didn’t believe in “quick release,” though he did have a bolt cutter handy in the bathroom closet. He’d chosen the style for its psychological effect on Will over the more traditional black leather.

“That’s what I thought,” muttered Hannibal and slid his cock back into Will’s waiting mouth. Will, tired from hours of posture training and long, arduous minutes of learning to give head, protested the move with an “mmph!” But he was soon slurping and sucking again. “By the way, you should be aware that I have a very short refractory period.” Will whimpered on Hannibal’s outthrust and choked on the head of Hannibal’s cock on the inthrust. Hannibal groaned and held Will tight to his pubes. Will’s throat muscles convulsed and Hannibal pressed harder, crushing Will’s face and bruising his tonsils. When he pulled Will off, it was with a great exhale. Will gagged and nearly threw up. Hannibal looked down at him, eyes inscrutably hard. He froze as Hannibal gripped his jaw tightly with his free hand.

“Does my cock revolt you?”

“N-No!”

“You seemed about to vomit on my Tabriz hand knotted one-of-a-kind carpet.” Hannibal looked down at Will with disdain writ on his features and Will gulped, inwardly cringing.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered. The reactive tears that he had thus far miraculously held back broke the surface tension between his eyelids and spilled, creating hot rivulets down the sides of his face. “I didn’t mean to b-but you’re so big and…” Hannibal slapped his cheek, not hard but enough to startle and sting him, and Will breathed his pain out through his nose before sniffling unbecomingly, mouth closed.

“A backhanded compliment. Or is it a complaint?”

Will refused to answer. Hannibal shook him by his hair and he cried out. The pain was unbelievable. He thought of cutting it short, buzz-cut short, and wondered how Hannibal would react. “Answer me.”

“C-Compliment,” whispered Will, resentment building along with the pain in his scalp.

This seemed to satisfy Hannibal and his hold on Will’s hair loosened. He took hold of his cock and pressed it to Will’s lips. “Open,” he commanded and Will took him again, sucking enthusiastically to make up for his faux pas. “You may swallow, this time,” Hannibal added and his thrusting became less rhythmic as he drove himself a few more times deep into the hot, wet clutch of Will’s throat before pulling back enough to shoot his spunk onto Will’s tongue.

Will thought he was going to heave. It wasn’t so much the taste as that combined with the runny, jelly-like texture. He managed to swallow but some leaked from his lips as he pulled off Hannibal’s cock. He licked it away, grimacing slightly, and thought he was finished. “Ah, ah,” Hannibal warned him and massaged the underside of his dick to get the last remaining drops of cum which he aimed for Will’s slightly parted lips.

“Nh!” Will almost turned his head away but the grip on his hair prevented him. Instead, he reluctantly accepted the extras and sucked them down as quickly as possible. He didn’t want Hannibal to think he was a quitter.

“Thank me.”

“Wh…?”

“I gave you a gift. Don’t tell me you didn’t want it. Look how hard your cock is,” said Hannibal and Will looked down at himself. Of course he was hard. Of course the rough treatment turned him on a little. Okay, a lot. He wouldn’t have agreed to let Hannibal push him around if it didn’t, but… the constant hair pulling? Apparently his dick had a different view than his scalp. This confused and embarrassed him.

“I did want it,” said Will shakily, looking up from his throbbing member. But Hannibal still looked like he was about to command him to go get the strap.

“Then what do you say?”

“Thank you, sir,” said Will.

“Thank you, sir, for what?”

“Thank you for letting me swallow your cum,” answered Will, eyes on the floor, and his face flamed in embarrassment.

“The next time I have to waste my time cajoling a thanks out of you, you’ll get ten with the tawse. Do you understand?”

“Yessir.”

“Good.” The grip on Will’s hair eased and turned into a caress. Will lowered his eyes and leaned into it. He liked this much better than the hair pulling. He turned his head and kissed the hand that petted him. “Lovely boy,” cooed Hannibal. “Your blowjob technique needs work but I’m sure we can fix it eventually.” Will’s embarrassment deepened but he refused to look up and give Hannibal the satisfaction of seeing him humiliated. It was his first time, after all. “Do you think you’ve earned the right to cum?”

Will had fully expected Hannibal to deny him release. It seemed a favorite control method of his since the beginning of their relationship. So Will was startled when Hannibal asked him the question. He thought for a minute, unmoving except for the occasional shift of his head into Hannibal’s hand. He nuzzled the warm palm and sighed through his nose. “I don’t know, sir. I… should think that would be up to you,” he rasped, throat aching now from deepthroating Hannibal repeatedly. He looked up with pleading eyes, hoping for mercy. His dick twitched, hoping too.

“Good answer,” said Hannibal, raising an amused eyebrow, and stepped away from Will. Will remained seated with his ass on his heels. He had not been told to move. Recalling the earlier training, he lengthened his spine, straightened his shoulders, and lowered his chin slightly so his head was level. Then he slowed his breathing, resisting the urge to watch Hannibal as the man went over to a cabinet on the far wall and took something from a drawer in it. “Have you ever used a masturbation sleeve, Will?” he asked as he returned.

“N-No,” said Will with a note of curiosity. Hannibal knelt beside him and uncapped a long, tapered plastic cylinder about the size of a man’s forearm. Will couldn’t help his cock jump when he saw that the wide end of the cylinder held what looked like a pink replica of a woman’s pussy. He swallowed and watched Hannibal apply some lube to the faux labia and work some into the innards of the sleeve with two probing fingers. Hannibal gave Will a sly look and Will’s face brightened. He licked his lips, lowered his eyelashes, and let out a soft, anticipatory sound.

Hannibal moved so he was behind Will, thighs parted to fit himself against Will’s back. With his empty hand he caressed Will’s stomach and chest; with his mouth he laid soft, butterfly kisses across Will’s shoulder and at the base of his neck. Will’s head tilted back and he let out a little exhalation, growing harder, mind imagining what it was going to feel like to have Hannibal jack him with the masturbation sleeve. “Mm,” hummed Will when Hannibal placed his hand around the base of his cock and fitted the sleeve around Will’s cockhead. “Oh!” Will sighed, again anticipating the long silicone sleeve rippling and gripping along his penis. Hannibal lowered the sleeve onto him about an inch and Will’s hips automatically thrust forward to try and push himself deeper.

Hannibal stalled him, drawing the sleeve back so he was still only an inch and a half inside. Will whined and tried to thrust again. Hannibal denied him a second time. Meanwhile, Hannibal’s other hand continued to stroke Will at the base of his cock and Hannibal leaned his head over Will’s shoulder so he could watch what he was doing. Will’s hips chased the sleeve, his mouth gasping, his fingers behind him flexing at random. He ended up finding Hannibal’s cock poking out of Hannibal’s trousers, still not fully hard but getting harder.

“You weren’t kidding about your refractory period,” gasped Will and moaned loudly as Hannibal finally lowered the masturbation sleeve another inch onto his dick.

“I never kid about such things,” rumbled Hannibal and Will let out a laugh.

“Guess not,” he said and felt the slick silicone ridges massage him in a close embrace, amazed at how lifelike it felt. He started stroking Hannibal and Hannibal returned the favor with the sleeve. Behind him, Hannibal remained in control, stoic. Will, on the other hand, was soon panting and making loud, wanton noises that echoed in the large space of Hannibal’s office. Hannibal drank in his reactions and took advantage of Will’s clever hands which awkwardly but quickly brought him back to full erection.

The sleeve stilled on Will but Will didn’t stop thrusting, humping up into the stimulation faster and faster. “Oh! Ah god yeah! Mm!” he cried, eyes closed, and Hannibal’s other hand left his cock to pet and fondle the rest of his body, eventually rising to cup his neck at the base like a collar. “Ah! Ung! Gonna… Gonna cum!” announced Will and let out a hair-raising shout when the sleeve disappeared from his cock and he was left humping cold air. He opened his eyes with a frown and breathed furiously, denied. His hand faltered on Hannibal’s cock but Hannibal didn’t seem to mind. He felt Hannibal’s lips on his shoulder and thought what a complete and total prick Hannibal was. He reconsidered that haircut.

“Are you going to finish me off or not?” growled Will. He felt Hannibal grow cold behind him and freeze for just a moment before Hannibal’s empty hand pulled him back by the neck, close to Hannibal’s clothed chest.

“I was,” purred Hannibal, nuzzling Will’s ear and hair, “until just now.”

A wash of self-deprecation, humiliation, and dread poured over Will in that moment as he realized his mistake and he let out a shaky breath, eyes slipping closed for a second or two as Hannibal cradled him. Hannibal’s presence loomed like the wendigo Will sometimes saw in his dreams, minacious, even in its stillness. They weren’t lovers. They weren’t equals. He was the submissive and Hannibal was his dominant. Will didn’t demand; he obeyed.

Will swallowed a sudden lump in his raw throat and asked over his shoulder, “The strap?” Crooked teeth nibbled the skin at his nape.

“Not yet,” said Hannibal and looked over Will’s shoulder into his eyes, studying him. He saw the uncertainty, the trepidation, and wanted to bottle it. He leaned in, impossibly closer, and captured Will’s parted lips in a kiss that was both tender and cruel in its tenderness. He looked down Will’s naked torso then and offered Will the masturbation sleeve. Will raised an eyebrow but turned to look and let Hannibal guide his dick into the sleeve again. Will couldn’t help the noise of pleasure that escaped his throat as he injected himself back into the body-warmed funnel of rippled silicone. Behind him, Hannibal was silent, observing, and Will wondered what he was waiting for, why Hannibal wasn’t yet punishing him for his rudeness and his assumptions. After a minute of fucking the sleeve, though, he found he didn’t care.

Hannibal brought him to the brink, twisting the sleeve repeatedly so that the ridges and bumps inside stimulated Will’s cock in ways a woman’s anatomy couldn’t. Will built up

steam with his hips, racing to cum before Hannibal pulled the toy off him a second time. His cock felt huge, heavy, hot with need. His balls tightened, his abdomen flexed. His breaths came quicker and quicker. Hannibal caressed his nipples, one and then the other, gently pinching them. “Ohhh!”

The sleeve left him again.

“Aw *fuck* nnno!” growled Will through his teeth, hips pumping nothing, cock tragically naked. “Hannibal, *please*! Christ!” Hannibal just watched, fingers tracing invisible hieroglyphs on Will’s sweating torso and decided against training Will to perfect stillness like he’d originally planned. He was enjoying Will’s distress far too much to ever want Will to become stoic under his manipulations. Will’s hands clenched into fists, nails biting into his palms.

“I don’t think you want to bring Christ into this, Will,” said Hannibal jokingly but Will knew it was also warning. He shook, trying to calm his breathing and thereby calm his autonomic responses. Hannibal waited. Will admired his patience. But he nearly balked when Hannibal fitted the lips of the sleeve over his swollen red cockhead, breath, having been somewhat under control, now racing again. Slowly, teasingly, Hannibal moved the sleeve down Will’s aching cock. “You’ve been hard off and on for hours, now, Will. You were hard when I started posture training you,” murmured Hannibal in his ear. “You were hard while I showed you how to please me with your mouth. Your desire for release must be overwhelming.”

Will groaned. The sleeve moved faster, twisted, pulled back and pushed forward. Will’s thighs flexed. His hands pulled at his restraints. He was doused in sweat. Were those tears in his eyes again? How was that possible? It felt good, didn’t it? And then it dawned on him: Hannibal was *punishing* him with pleasure. He let out an agonized moan and fucked up into the fake pussy. Behind him, Hannibal smiled, his senses tuned to Will’s every noise, scent, and movement. His fingers dipped into Will’s naval and pressed slightly, rhythmically, feeling Will’s body move like a wave. He spread his fingers, moved them lower, surrounding the base of Will’s cock to feel the press of the fake lips when he brought the sleeve down to meet Will’s pubis. “Mmmohhh!” uttered Will. Hannibal could tell he was close, again.

Hannibal ripped the sleeve off Will’s cock, flung it aside, and grabbed Will’s hips to still him. He bit at Will’s neck and sucked a mark where he had bitten. Will let out a sob and nearly bent double over his poor, throbbing cock. Hannibal knelt back, hands still on Will’s hips until he reached forward and took hold of Will’s hair, pulling him upright against him again. He noted the slickness of Will’s sweat; the red flush of heat that had overtaken Will’s chest, neck, face, and cock; smelled the faint taint of sickness. These things were beautiful to him and he didn’t want to let them wander too far. Besides, punishment, true punishment, was in order.

“Please let me cum. I’ll take fifty with the strap. I just… huh!” Will pleaded and Hannibal huffed a laugh, arm tightening around Will’s waist.

“You couldn’t take fifty with that strap and you know it, boy,” he said, his voice pleasingly rough. Will’s blush deepened and he clamped his mouth shut.

“S-Something else, then. Just… *please*.”

Hannibal hummed, pretending to consider. He already knew what he wanted to do to Will and he wasn't about to let a submissive dictate how they were going to be punished. It was true; his favorite means of control was denial: denial of touch, denial of attention, denial of completion. It had worked wonders on Will thus far and Hannibal was assured that it would continue to work to mold Will into the thing Hannibal most desired.

"I want to cage you," whispered Hannibal in Will's ear and let his words sink in.

Will, confused, could only picture himself behind bars in a bright orange jumpsuit. He swallowed. "What do you mean?" He yelped when Hannibal cupped his still raging dick and gave it a squeeze.

"I want to know that this," said Hannibal, releasing and squeezing again to Will's discomfort, "is under lock and key and no one, not even you, can get to it to give it what it lusts after." Will closed his eyes. He pictured it, a little cage for his penis, trapping it, subduing it when Hannibal couldn't be around to do the subduing. His cock leapt in Hannibal's hand and that was it. He shot across the floor, stomach contracting, mouth emitting a lofty shout. When he stopped shooting, stopped shuddering like a man coming off of some powerful drug, he heard Hannibal make a clucking noise in his ear. "I hope you enjoy the taste of Persian wool," said Hannibal and Will groaned. Hannibal chuckled. "Down, boy." He pushed Will, who was still recovering sleepily from his orgasm, face first into the mess he'd made. "Lick," he commanded, and Will obeyed.

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Will's hands shook as he dialed the number and he had a colossal headache for what felt like the tenth time in as many days. Two weeks. Hannibal hadn't spoken to him in two weeks except to send a text cancelling their usual Thursday night appointments. Will had texted back, begging forgiveness but there had been no reply. He'd left voice messages in a similar vein, each one slightly more desperate, slightly more apologetic until he knew he sounded neurotic, his begging undignified, his apologies sycophantic and crude. But he just had to try again.

The phone rang. And rang. And rang. And clicked over to voice mail. Will rubbed his forehead, let out a breath, and when the robotic female voice was finished telling him he could leave a message after the tone he closed his eyes. "*Please*, Hannibal… please," was all he said and then after a beat, hung up. He swallowed and nervously he ran a hand over the dome of his skull where his hair was growing in. His eyes opened and he looked out the windshield of his Volvo at the pouring rain.

When he'd buzz-cut his hair, he'd gotten strange looks, raised eyebrows mostly. Beverly had commented, "That's different." Something you say when someone dramatically changes their look and it doesn't improve their overall appearance rather than say something mean. He'd gotten a sigh and a head shake from Jimmy and a nod and a choked laugh from Brian. Alana had very obviously been trying to hold back her laughter, too, as she exclaimed, "You got a haircut!" as though he was a toddler showing her his messy, mud-covered hands in hope of praise. Jack hadn't indicated he'd noticed any change. His scowl had been as resolute as ever. Will's protruding ears had burned with each reaction, highlighting their nakedness.

And then there was Hannibal. He'd stiffened as Will had walked in through the office door and his face had taken on a simmering fury that was barely hidden under a polite façade of civility. He had looked like he'd wanted to throw Will to the floor and strap him to within an inch of his life. Instead, he'd sat silently, waiting for Will to take his seat. Will had shuffled nervously to his chair opposite Hannibal and they'd had a normal therapy session, all the while, the tension in the room growing to epic proportions. Will had sweated. Hannibal had sat with his elbow on the chair arm, hand raised, thumbnail flicking against his finger in an agitated motion.

When their conversation about criminals had waned, there had been a protracted silence in which Will had held his breath and Hannibal had become very still.

"Do you think your appearance is acceptable?" Hannibal had asked and Will's breath had shot out of him on a blurt of worried laughter. Hannibal's eyes had pinned him and he had flapped his mouth, tasting the air for an answer. Hannibal had beat him to the punch. "You did not think to consult me before you cut your hair."

"It's *my* hair." Will's response had sounded weak, even to his own ears as he had defiantly stared into Hannibal's displeased moue. His hands had clenched on his knees. Seconds had passed, perhaps minutes, in which he had sat in Hannibal's silent judgment. "It'll grow back," he had said, just above a whisper, just to fill the uncomfortable silence.

"Then we will wait until it does," Hannibal had said and then he had made a show of consulting his watch and guiding a confused and shell-shocked Will to the patient exit. "Goodnight, Will," he had said without looking at the profiler and had closed the door on Will's devastated expression.

That was two weeks ago. Will's hair had grown out some but certainly not to the length it had been before he'd cut it. And now Will was desperate, desperate for Hannibal's voice, desperate for his firm hand, desperate for his cock, desperate to cum. So desperate in fact, that today, when he'd just kind of mentally folded into himself at a crime scene and been unable to give Jack a decent profile of the killer, Jack had told him, "Go home, Will."

Will was lost in recalling the events that had led him to sitting in the rain in his car on the side of the highway between Wolf Trap and Quantico attempting to make contact with his dominant. He nearly jumped out of his skin when his phone vibrated in his hand. His heart thudded in his chest as he looked at the screen. *Hannibal Lecter* read the ID. Will's fingers trembled as he accepted the call with another apology. "I'm sorry," he gulped into the phone. There was a breath on the other end of the line, a displeased kind of huff and he winced.

"Stop apologizing," came the gruff instruction.

"I know. I… I'm sor…"

"Will." A curt warning, one he wouldn't get again. He inhaled and let it out slowly.

"Okay," he breathed, "Okay. Will you… Will you let me make it up to you? Please?"

“We will resume your therapy next week at the usual time. Have a good evening,” replied Hannibal and Will almost wept even as Hannibal ended the call. A whole week. He’d have to wait a whole other week but Hannibal was going to forgive him; Hannibal was going to let their relationship continue. Will grinned then his lips went all wobbly and he wiped snot and a couple of escapee tears from his face with his sleeve, got himself under control, and started the engine on his beater. He turned on his signal, checked his mirrors and his blind spot, and pulled into traffic, headed toward Wolf Trap. He felt better than he had since he’d dumped his shorn locks into the garbage.

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“Good evening, Will. Please, come in.” Hannibal held the door to the office open for Will who slinked inside like entering Hannibal’s domain was felonious. He noticed Hannibal didn’t have a welcoming smile for him or even a soft look. Instead, Hannibal looked dangerous and intimidating in a black suit, black tie, dark red shirt with matching red pocket square, and a don’t-fuck-with-me expression. Once Hannibal shut the door, he locked it and turned to Will who stood in between the patient and therapist chairs with his hands at his sides, clenching them lightly. Hannibal strode over and stood beside Will, examining him down his nose like the disappointment he was. Will didn’t move, didn’t dare breathe. “Take off your clothes,” instructed Hannibal quietly and moved away from Will who obeyed immediately with trembling fingers.

“I… I missed you, s-so much and…” Will murmured to his shirt as he unbuttoned it. He took it off and folded it, placing it on the patient chair. His hands moved to the buckle of his belt but he heard Hannibal’s footsteps return on the wooden floor and then the carpet beside him.

“Kneel,” commanded Hannibal. Will hadn’t gotten all his clothes off but apparently that didn’t matter. Will knelt in his khaki pants and white undershirt, his boots still on his feet. He couldn’t look at Hannibal, couldn’t look up and face him. His ears burned. His chest ached from how often and how long he had held his breath. He stared across the office to the lounge and waited. “You’ve hurt me, Will,” said Hannibal softly. “You’ve taken away my ability to enjoy one of your most pleasing features. More importantly, you haven’t given me your trust or your obedience or your deference.”

“I *have*,” protested Will, thinking of all the kinky scenes they’d had together up until then. Hannibal’s brief silence indicated his difference of opinion.

“Until your hair grows back to a proper length, I’ll require a different kind of handle so that I can continue to enjoy the services you can provide me,” Hannibal went on and Will stiffened when he saw Hannibal bring a complicated-looking web of interlinked straps in front of his face. And then the contraption was sliding over his head like a bridle over a horse’s muzzle, Hannibal’s deft fingers tugging the straps into place, fastening the myriad buckles, working a silicone-coated metal ring behind Will’s teeth so Will had no choice but to leave his mouth open in an undignified O. Humiliation bloomed as saliva started to pool and drip. Will’s cock fought to get loose from its cage. He let out a soft moan and then a gasp as Hannibal took hold of his head by a D-ring on top of the head harness and yanked. Will’s hands flew out as he tried to balance. Hannibal bent him backwards slowly and peered down at him, eyes

narrowed. Hannibal ran a finger tip around the taut O of Will's lips and purred, "You will learn, Will. Body modification is my prerogative, not yours."

"Oddy odd?" Confused, Will tried to say "body mod" but it came out slurred. Another glob of drool washed over his chin and he slurped helplessly. He wanted to protest again, to complain loudly and indignantly that it was just his hair; it wasn't like getting a tattoo or something. Then again, like a rebellious teenager getting a tattoo to spite his or her parents, he'd done it to excite and irritate Hannibal, hadn't he? He'd done it to get Hannibal's attention. He'd done it because he'd been *curious* to see what Hannibal would do. And now he knew. He whined, low and self-pitying.

Hannibal left him swaying with a violent release of his hand and Will wobbled forward on his knees. Hannibal crossed the room, retrieved another object, and returned in the space of only a few moments. Will let out another groan as he felt the familiar canvas cuffs encircle his wrists and the locking clip between them tighten. Then Hannibal was in front of Will, unzipping his trousers with one hand and controlling Will's head with the other. A yelp of protest left Will's throat a second before it was filled with thick, hungry cock and before Will knew it he was being used as Hannibal's pleasure toy, manipulated this way and that by the hand on the harness, unable to close his mouth to get suction on Hannibal's dick, unable to do anything other than dribble and accept.

Tears leaked from the corners of Will's eyes and he looked up at Hannibal through wet lashes. The leather framing his nose partially blocked his view as Hannibal watched him, watched his mouth take Hannibal's generously-sized cock over and over and over. Will poured his apology and worship into his eyes and used his tongue to massage the underside of Hannibal's penis as best he could. The straps felt snug around his head, binding, more restrictive somehow than the cuffs at his wrists. He deserved the discomfort. He deserved every ounce of Hannibal's ire. Wet choking sounds and harsh panting filled the room, mostly coming from Will, though Hannibal let out a few hard breaths as he drew near orgasm. His hands drifted from the D-ring at the top of Will's head to the cheek straps of the harness and pulled Will in, burying his cock deep into the back of Will's throat, holding him captive.

"Auh!" shouted Hannibal, throwing his head back, and Will felt the pulse of Hannibal's cock as Hannibal's spunk poured down the back of his throat. Will's throat muscles tried to eject the intrusion as he struggled for air but Hannibal didn't let him up until he'd finished, stripping the underside of his cock with one hand to expunge it of remaining semen. The seed landed bitter on Will's tongue but he couldn't swallow and so he held it, unsure what to do and becoming panicked that he would displease Hannibal if he dribbled it onto his shirt or the floor. Hannibal solved the problem for him and took two fingers of his right hand and put them in Will's mouth, rubbing the semen over Will's tongue and pressing it to the back of Will's throat. Will gagged. Hannibal pressed again and warned, "You know what will happen if you throw up."

Will got his gag reflex under control, not wanting his punishment to be any worse, and looked up at Hannibal with pleading eyes. Hannibal wiped his spitty, spunky fingers on Will's shorn hair and took out his pocket square. He shook it loose and used it to wipe his cock, then folded it neatly and tucked it back in his pocket. His cock disappeared inside his trousers.

He walked away. Will closed his eyes and breathed. Was it over? Had he been forgiven? What now? His eyes opened when Hannibal returned and held up something sharp and gleaming in one hand. Will cringed and drew back but Hannibal grabbed him by the D-ring again. “Steady. I’m not going to hurt you,” said Hannibal and proceeded to tug Will’s undershirt out of Will’s khakis. With the blade of the scalpel, he created a nick in the hem of the shirt and then put the scalpel in his pocket. Will let out a slight grunt of protest just before Hannibal tore the shirt from the cut hem upward, baring Will’s torso. “You know, you need to learn to trust me,” continued Hannibal and pushed Will’s torn shirt down his arms, trapping his elbows.

“Ah?” queried Will and slurped loudly at the drool and leftover spunk cascading from his open mouth. Hannibal gave him a somewhat disgusted look and Will lowered his eyes. For a few minutes, Hannibal’s fingers tested and teased and rubbed over his nipples and Will leaned into the touch. Again, his cock strained against its metal confinement, arousal not tempered at all by the rough treatment he’d just undergone. He loved taking Hannibal’s cock, even if it was part of his punishment.

“Tomorrow you will come with me to get these pierced,” said Hannibal, pulling Will’s nipples out into taut peaks.

“Ah! Nah!” Will shook his head, brows drawing together under the forehead strap of the harness.

“That way,” Hannibal went on as though he hadn’t heard Will, “if you ever dare cut your hair short again, I will have something else pretty to play with and amuse me.” He flicked both nipples with his fingertips and then pinched them hard. Will cried out and writhed, pulling his chest back to try and get away, which, of course, only made it hurt worse. “Does that sound fair?” Hannibal’s eyes caught Will’s and Will whined but after a brief mental battle he finally nodded. “Good.” Hannibal let go of Will’s nipples and Will breathed a sigh of relief. Hannibal patted him on the top of his head. “What do you think? Cabernet sauvignon or pinot grigio?” Hannibal moved to his drinks cabinet.

“Uhh…”

“The cabernet I think.” Hannibal answered his own question and proceeded to uncork the cab to let it breathe. He put his scalpel back where it belonged on his desk, just so next to his pencils, and his eyes traveled first to the forked tawse on the wall and then to Will’s lightly swaying form still kneeling with his back to him in the middle of the room. The boy was beautiful, shivering in his torn t-shirt, unused to holding such a position for so long, unused to the pressure and restraint of the straps around his head. Unable to close his pretty mouth or swallow. He wondered what was going on in Will Graham’s mind at the moment. “Are you with me, Will? I don’t want you to go inside,” he said as he poured two glasses of the red wine.

“Ahhnn.” Will’s shoulders slumped.

“Posture, Will,” reminded Hannibal. Will’s shoulders flinched back and he straightened his spine, the rather rigorous posture training Hannibal had put him through coming back to him quickly. Hannibal allowed himself an indulgent smile and carried the glasses to the seating

area, placing one on the table by the patient's chair and bringing the other with him to his own seat. Gracefully he sank into his chair and held the wine by the stem and waited. Will kneeled in profile to him, nipples still peaking in the cool air of the room, shoulders back, head level and adorned with a criss-crossing of brown and white leather and chrome buckles. His mouth gaped unnaturally with the ring inside it. His bearded chin was a glistening mess of saliva. Hannibal crossed his left leg over his right and lifted his wine glass to his nose. He inhaled the bouquet and let it swirl over his palate. Then he took a small sip and allowed that to mellow on his tongue before he swallowed. His eyes never left Will.

"This is quite good. Would you care to try some?" he asked Will. Will made a distressed sound and looked around, befuddled. Hannibal smiled again. After a moment he uncrossed his legs and patted his thigh. "Come," he said lightly and watched as Will turned and shuffled awkwardly over to him. Hannibal petted his head and neck and ran a finger under the strap along his jaw. Will looked up at him with pleading eyes. Hannibal dipped that same finger into his wine and put it in Will's mouth, rubbing it over Will's tongue.

"Nnh," breathed Will and wrapped his tongue around Hannibal's finger.

"Good boy," praised Hannibal and Will let out another sound of pleasure. He couldn't suck but he could lick and so he licked Hannibal's finger clean. "Would you like more?" Will nodded. Hannibal dipped his finger again, the red liquid quickly descending his finger but enough remaining on it to moisten it and give Will a taste. Will chased Hannibal's moving finger with his tongue eagerly, his upper arms brushing Hannibal's knees. Hannibal stroked over his strapped head again and then unbuckled the straps, freeing him. Will sighed, working his aching jaw and swallowing greedily once the ring was out of his mouth. "Turn around," commanded Hannibal softly, setting the head harness by his wine. He unhooked Will's cuffs and then hooked a hand around Will's neck, leaning forward to give Will's earlobe a light nip, suck, kiss. "You may go enjoy your own glass," he rumbled in Will's ear and enjoyed Will's surrender as the boy's eyes closed and he nodded against Hannibal's restraining hand.

Will shrugged his t-shirt back on, pulling embarrassedly at the torn edges as though he could cover himself adequately with the ruined garment and rose to his knees with an ungraceful thomp of booted feet. He stumbled to the patient chair, moved his button down shirt aside, took up the wine, and then sat. He wiped his chin with the corner of his ruined shirt then took a good swig of wine to settle his nerves. He sat back in the chair, knees together, free hand fluttering to find a comfortable place on the arm. "Is, uh, the punishment over?" he asked quietly into his wine glass, daring a glance at Hannibal who sat regally across from him.

"Punishment?" Hannibal inclined his head. He sounded genuinely confused.

"Yeah, uh, f-for this," Will said and pointed to his head.

"Oh my darling boy," said Hannibal, twisting the stem of his wine glass in his fingers, "That was not punishment. I assure you, when I'm punishing you, you will know."

End Notes

So the title is a bit of a misnomer. There's no indication prior to this of a fully negotiated Total Power Exchange wherein Hannibal would expect to have control over every aspect of Will's life including personal appearance and Will would be down with that. Will literally would have no idea that he's "disobeying" any "rules" when he cuts his hair because he and Hannibal have never discussed or agreed to it beforehand. All Will knows is that the hair cutting is an act that is most likely going to piss Hannibal off. Hannibal knows that is why Will did it and he's more incensed about Will's testing of their relationship than he is about the hair cutting itself (though it does irk him that Will would shear off all that lovely hair since he's a hedonist who thrives off of beauty). Even after Will does it, Hannibal doesn't forbid him from cutting it off again but he makes clear the price, a rather insidious, passive-aggressive power play on his part and instituting a "rule" that sets the stage for a dubiously consensual TPE-style relationship. Make no mistake, this is *not* a how-to guide to BDSM or Total Power Exchange. Hannibal is a manipulative shit and Will is a prime candidate for codependency. Not a good mix. Also, never yank on the top D-ring of a head harness like Hannibal did to Will; there's a good chance you could injure your sub's neck, jaw, etc.

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